Larimar

Larimar is the embodiment of the tranquil Sea and Sky energies. It is one of the cardinal Water element stones, yet is born of Fire in it's volcanic origins. One of the few crystals to balance the polarities of these energies, Larimar cools tempers and calms fears, relieves stress and nurtures the physical and emotional bodies. A stone of clear communication, it provides the strength and courage needed to speak openly from the heart.

I Think I Could Stand You Forever by blithesea, womenseemwicked

Series: Drivin' After Midnight [6]
Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: M/M
Language: English
Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington
Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-02-27
Updated: 2018-02-27
Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:14:57
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 1
Words: 15,148
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Billy isn't used to trying to be on time for dates. Usually, he starts getting ready at around a quarter to whenever, and by the time he's pulling up outside her house who cares if it's half past the time he told her he'd be there? He's the kind of guy girls expect to be late, and usually, he likes it that way. But this time is different.

I Think I Could Stand You Forever

Author's Note:

> Billy POV by ficsandfuckery (women-seem-wicked on tumblr), Steve POV by blithesea (bites-heal on tumblr).
> --
> Title pulled from a song by Toto.

The normal, daily morning routine with hair care usually takes Steve about 20 minutes, he's quite proud of that. On a normal date night, what with a close shave and choosing an outfit and making sure the wow factor of his hair is dialed up to a full ten, it takes about an hour.

On the day of his date with Billy, he starts preparing right after school, but at quarter to seven, time is running out on him.

"Shit, fuck, fucking hell," he mutters, hopping around on one sock. He wants to get that bottle from his dad's stash, but he still hasn't found the shirt he wants to wear (why is it always fucking laundry day when he wants to go on a date?) and he was going to wait outside, because having his mother interact with Billy after what happened on the phone on Monday is going to be the stuff of nightmares, but now none of his jackets seem to look right and his hair is messed up again and… maybe it's not too late to cancel yet?

--

Billy isn't used to *trying* to be on time for dates. Usually, he starts getting ready at around a quarter to whenever, and by the time he's pulling up outside her house who cares if it's half past the time he told her he'd be there? He's the kind of guy girls expect to be late, and usually, he likes it that way. But this time is different.

This time he's trying to impress, or to make some kind of impression of reliability at least. *What a laugh.* So he collapses his normal workout into half the usual time, doubling the intensity, and allows himself only the time it takes for a quick snack and a shower to

appreciate the increased swell of his muscles from the added stress.

Drying and styling his hair on the soft tiredness of freshly exhausted muscles is a fucking drag, but he pushes through it anyway, glancing at his watch anxiously as he puts on the last touches. He almost throws jeans on without underwear again but stops himself. If anything, briefs will be good to keep him from ruining the denim, or the leather of his seats, with come.

One last look at himself in the mirror, proud and appreciative and just a little bit aroused, and Billy grabs his wallet and keys from the shelf.

“I’m going out,” he says as he heads for the back door. Neil is on the couch and looks up judgmentally, but seems to think Billy looks straight enough to be seeing a girl ‘cause he doesn’t comment with more than a grumble about being out too late before he returns to whatever’s on the TV.

Billy is outside the Harringtons’ by 7:05, close e-fucking-nough, so he sits there and takes a breath for what feels like the first time in hours. Glances at himself in the rear view one last time because it’s just really hit him that he’s taking Steve Harrington out on a *date,* and suddenly all his confidence is out the window because there’s no *way* he doesn’t fuck this up somehow. He bites his lip and gets out of the car.

--

Steve can hear the Camaro’s engine outside and he is *almost* ready, after prioritizing his hair above everything else (who needs matching socks, anyway). He slips into a jacket and runs a hand through his hair one last time in front of the mirror in the hall. Yes, good. His hair is what Jane would call “bitchin’,” and his shirt doesn’t look at all like he desperately pulled it out of the dryer with twenty minutes to go. Everything else will fall into place, hopefully.

“Is that your friend from the other day?” he can hear his mother’s voice from the living room, and, damn, he can tell she’s already well into her second daiquiri for the night.

“Yeah, leaving now, love you, bye!” He gets out the door before she can tell him to invite Billy in, and all but sprints down the steps to the driveway, his backpack bouncing on his shoulder. Billy is leaning against his car door, and he looks good enough to eat. Steve can almost feel the windows of their house like eyes in his back, but, damn. Billy looks good. He wishes he could kiss him now, push him against that car, and show him just how much he’s gotten Steve excited just by showing up.

“Hey,” Steve says breathlessly, and grins.

--

Billy glances up at the lit windows of the house and back at Steve.

“Hey,” he smirks back, coming up off the car with a bump of his hips and opening the passenger’s side door with a wink. “You look good,” he intones with a heavy glance at Steve’s ass as he passes him.

--

“Thank you,” Steve gives back smugly, because he *does*. As Billy gets into the driver’s seat, he wonders how much of them can actually be seen from the house. But he decides not to risk it, because he’s being *responsible*, and *careful*, and all of this is *dangerous*. Ugh, but that sucks.

At least talking’s fair game as soon as Billy closes the door, but Steve can’t think of a single thing to say, there’s so much. *This week has been the longest ever. You look so good I want to fuck you raw. Can we ditch the movies and just run away to Canada?* Billy starts driving and Steve says nothing, but he puts his hand on Billy’s thigh, only a hair’s width away from his crotch.

--

Billy shivers a little at how good Steve’s hand looks and feels sitting there promisingly, and fiddles with the radio distractedly as he heads for the highway. But there’s nothing on worth listening to and after a moment Billy calls it a bust.

“D’you wanna, um--” He clears his throat and starts again. “D’you

wanna put some music on? I've got tapes over there." He indicates the glovebox with a nod because keeping his hands at 10 and 2 feels like the best route right now.

--

"Yeah, alright." Steve reluctantly gives up touching Billy, and dutifully digs through the pile of tapes Billy has crammed into his glovebox. He is just about to randomly select one of the two Metallica ones (probably doesn't matter which he picks, Billy's gonna like it), when he sees a familiar cover and smiles.

"I can't believe you have this," he says and pushes a tape into the cassette deck. "What the hell, did you get this to impress chicks?"

--

Billy flinches as *Georgy Porgy* blasts through the car shamefully, and turns the volume down. That volume is for Metallica and Motley Crue. *Not* for Toto.

"Susan bought it for my birthday," he says shakes his head. "'Your father says you like music! Have you heard this band? They're really good!' I swear the bitch thought because I fuck guys…"

--

Steve is just about to say that he likes Toto, but then thinks better of it.

"Wait, what?" he says, frowning. "*Susan* knows? What about your dad? And Max?"

Was that the reason Billy's dad had frowned at him like that when he had come over that one time to get Billy's class notes?

--

Billy glances over at Steve's sweet, naive face and nods.

"Susan knows," he confirms, turning back to the road. "Neil knows. I don't think Maxine cares enough to figure it out, she's caught up in

her own world and I'm just in it. But if she thought about it for half a second she'd figure it out too. She knows enough to blame me for our having to move…"

--

It takes Steve a moment to process all this. He has never paused to imagine anyone else might actually know that about Billy, especially his parents. His dad probably hates it, and that's why Billy is always so stressed out about him. *Shit.* Steve wants to ask so much more, but he doesn't quite dare. He remembers when Billy called him in California, drunk and lonely and flirty as hell. That Billy had shut down like a clam the moment Steve got too personal. And yes, stuff has happened between them since, but. Steve doesn't want to upset the balance they have, not tonight. Not after all that build-up. So he bites his tongue.

--

Steve isn't saying anything. Probably finally being hit by the reality of all of this, Billy figures. He's probably wondering if it's too late to back out of this whole thing after all. Because Steve's life may not be the best, but it's fucking fine right now. And potentially throwing all that away on a couple good lays or a date with Billy is empirically a *bad fucking idea.*

Billy pulls his collar out from his neck a little uncomfortably and puts his right hand over on Steve's thigh.

"Did you pick this to fuck with me, or do I see you actually rocking out over there, Harrington?" He throws a glance over at Steve and decides to brave a smile. "Are you the chick I'm supposed to be impressing with this tape tonight?"

--

Steve smiles back, grateful that Billy has changed the subject. Though he thinks maybe they should talk about this stuff, too. Just maybe not right now, when they've both looked forward to this night all week long. Or at least Steve assumes that Billy has felt the same.

“Am I the chick?” he asks, a little incredulously. “Are you seriously asking me that, man?” He takes Billy’s hand and places it on his crotch. “What does *that* tell you, huh?”

--

Billy smiles wide and glances briefly at Steve, then back at the road, before adjusting himself and leaning over to breathe hot in his ear: “Just what I want to hear.”

He gives Steve’s cock and balls a little squeeze and then takes his hand back, returning it to the steering wheel.

“But if we start that now you won’t make it through the fucking date. And I still owe you some candy, I believe.”

--

“Look at you, all restraint and shit,” Steve grins. “I mean, I appreciate that you don’t want to drive us into a tree, but still. This is a new look on you, babe.”

He bounces his leg, now wishing they didn’t have to go all the way to fucking Bomont. Would Billy pull over to park for a little if Steve asked him? Probably. But the whole ‘Billy taking him out to the movies’ plan would suffer from it, and Steve wants this date to be good. Billy’s hand on his leg is gone, and putting his own back on Billy’s is probably just as unstable an idea. Billy doesn’t have to change gears on the open road, though. Steve takes his hand, squeezes it. “I can’t believe we’re doing this.”

--

Billy glances down at Steve’s hand on his and chuckles at the little shock that seems to go up his arm from where their fingers touch.

“Believe it, *baby*,” he smirks. “I’m gonna date the shit out of you.”

--

“Promise?” Steve asks, and Billy laughs and nods. *Good.*

The drive seems to stretch for hours and hours, so Steve is actually quite surprised when they pull into the drive-in lot and not many other cars are there yet. They seem to have arrived almost early.

“OK, here we go,” Steve mutters as Billy pulls up to the ticket booth, their hands pulling apart.

--

“Two for Nightmare on Elm Street,” Billy tells the stoner at the booth, handing over his money.

The Toto tape ran out half an hour ago and Billy is infinitely glad he had the foresight to not let Steve pick the next tape. It could just be paranoia, but from the look they’re given Billy gets the feeling it’s only the sound of Judas Priest pumping through the speakers that keeps the guy from suspecting funny business.

“Screen three, that’s the one on the far left,” he indicates with a bored gesture. “Audio’s at 93.03 AM, and here’s your change.”

Billy stuffs the bills and change in his front pocket and nods to Steve to get the radio sorted as he turns onto the rutted dirt toward screen three. He rolls his window down a little as they creep along through a scattered crowd of teenagers and small families with young children moving between screens and into the central building for concessions, and biting cold air scented with popcorn and car exhaust blows in over them.

Steve leans forward and fiddles carefully with the dial, as Billy speeds up a little when the path clears, and brings them around to the front of the lot for their screen. Steve finds the right station, and they’re greeted with the audio for a preview of the new Bond movie.

“These movies are such crap,” Billy remarks indifferently, glancing up at the screen for a moment while he waits for a pair of girls to move out of his way. “They should’ve quit after Connery left.”

The girls move and he backs into the space between a paneled van and a pickup truck. It’s the second row from the front, near the side. A nice little corner away from most of the hubbub, where people are

less likely to get out and wander around the cars. Billy pulls the keys from the ignition and turns to Steve.

“I’ll go get concessions if you grab the blankets from the trunk and make the back cozy for us,” he suggests with a wink, offering the keys.

Steve’s eyebrows raise at Billy’s preparedness and he nods, sticking a hand out to take the keys. Billy pulls him in for a quick kiss before he lets them go.

“I’ll be quick,” he says, and gets out of the car.

The air is cold, though not as cold as it was the night they first started this thing, and Billy shrugs his jacket closer around him as he winds between cars toward the little indoor concession stand. He passes by a couple people his age, but none of them look familiar and although he catches stares from a few girls they’re of the “who is *that?”* variety rather than the “what is Billy Hargrove doing here alone?” variety. Billy finds he breathes a little easier knowing that Steve was right: nobody knows them here.

Inside, he orders a large coke and a bucket of popcorn with the last of his money, and while the stand worker’s back is turned he steals two boxes of Junior Mints. When he turns he catches the girl behind him staring - clearly caught between wanting to snitch and thinking he’s hot - so he looks her over like he likes what he sees and throws her a sultry wink that shuts her right up.

It’s only as he’s on his way back to the car with his loot that he realizes what he just did might be considered cheating, and is simultaneously gratified by the thought and a little guilty. These feelings only increase when he rounds a pickup truck and is greeted by the image of Steve Harrington shutting the trunk and climbing into the back seat of his Camaro.

With an ass like that Billy almost feels bad shutting themselves away for the night and keeping Steve all to himself - but on the other hand this is the only way he can *touch* that ass in public, so he’s not too broken up about it really. He closes the distance between him and the car, and slips inside just as the New Line Cinema logo comes on the

screen and someone several cars over yells: “Daphne, come *on!* It’s starting!”

--

The night is cold as hell, and Steve shivers a bit in his jacket, though he’s not sure if it’s the weather or just anticipation painting his arms with goose pimples. He makes quick work of the back seat, shoving a blanket down on the seat to protect the black leather, and the other couple on the backrest to protect *them* from the black leather, which is already cooling in the night air.

Steve can see Billy walking back to the car, and he’s not hurrying, he’s all swagger. He looks good, and he knows it. *My boyfriend*, Steve tests the word in his mind a little giddily, and settles back into the seat, leaving the passenger’s side door open for him. When Billy finally reaches him, Steve relieves him of the coke and popcorn while he climbs in.

“Jeez, you did go all out,” he laughs at the size of both. “I hope you got two straws for the coke,” he half jokes. Drinking alcohol through a straw feels like a stupid idea anyway, but the thought of two straws is just so hilariously date-like he hopes Billy did.

--

Billy reaches into his jacket and pulls out two straws and the Junior Mints with a flourish. He hands them to Steve, taking the popcorn from him and taking a couple into his mouth. He never eats this crap. Didn’t even as a kid, really. But tonight it felt like the right thing to do. He’s just a normal boy taking his preppy boyfriend out to the movies tonight. Popcorn and candy and making out until they forget the fucking concept of time.

“You did a good job with the blankets,” he says, sitting back appreciatively. The backseat of his car is so fucking cozy right now, he’s actually kind of looking forward to being half naked in here. He toes off his boots just to get more comfortable and leans back, but realizes their view of the screen - like they’ll be watching at all anyway - is somewhat obstructed by the front seats.

He thinks, for a second, about moving them both, but then realizes this makes their spot more secluded and just smiles and pushes the passenger's seat further down with his foot, leaving the driver's one up. If Steve wants to see, he can lean on Billy.

--

"It'll be cramped as hell in here," Steve says cheerfully, because, clearly, that's the Camaro's back seat's main attraction. "Oh, and…" He digs around in his backpack and pulls out a bottle, holds it out for Billy to see the label. "I got your booze."

--

Billy's eyes go wide and he snatches the bottle covetously.

"Holy shit," he groans, and opens the bottle just to smell it. "Jesus, you know how to treat a guy right, baby. Fuck." He pulls Steve into a kiss that lasts for a while because it's distracting being able to have Steve's mouth so close to his, and being able to run his tongue over Steve's tongue and lips and teeth without interruption. But finally he pulls away and leans against Steve's shoulder to look at the bottle again.

"I don't even wanna spoil this with the coke," he moans, smelling it again.

--

"Hey now," Steve teases, "if you wanna take this bottle on a date instead of me, at least give me a nicer brush-off…"

He leans in for a taste of Billy's lips again, because, fuck. It has been so, so long. He has to make up for all the times he has been thinking of Billy when Billy wasn't there. The bottle can get in fucking line.

--

"Mm…" Billy leans into the kiss and brings his left hand up to brush his thumb across Steve's cheek and hold him close. "Never," he says. "I'm here for this." He runs his thumb over Steve's bottom lip softly and plants a kiss on his cheek as he slips his finger just a little

between them. "*You're* my fucking date, Harrington. Like it or not." He meets his eyes, and it's intense this close together but he holds it for a second before looking back to his lips.

--

"I think I like that just fine," Steve smiles, feeling a bit dizzy. After days and days of stolen half-glances at school and the pressure to pretend Billy isn't even a blip in his mind, to have him there, right there, and to have him look at Steve like nothing else exists…

Steve kisses him again, just because he can. Then he has an idea. He takes the bottle from Billy's hand, takes a sip but doesn't swallow, and leans in to kiss Billy again.

--

Billy laughs a little when he realizes what Steve is trying to do. Which is a bad idea. Not at all conducive to either drinking *or* kissing. The bourbon slips between their lips a little and trickles down to his chest and his open jacket. Billy presses deeper into the kiss and the rest of it goes more smoothly. The liquor trades mouths a little and they both swallow a decent amount of it before Billy leaves Steve's mouth to lick down his chin, following the trail of the drips.

"We're gonna ruin our clothes like that," he points out with a suggestive smile, his fingers going to untuck the hem of Steve's shirt.

--

"Damn, you're *right*," Steve agrees with mock-outrage. "Can't have *that*, can we…"

He shucks his jacket, but stops there because he remembers Billy saying something about wanting to unwrap him, back on the phone. Besides, he has a far more interesting target. Billy's jacket is easily pushed off, and Steve smiles at Billy's habit of leaving his shirt half-unbuttoned. It's such an obvious move, but hell, it does work. Without bothering with the buttons, Steve slips his hand inside the shirt, cops a feel of Billy's warm pecs. He feels the muscles jump under his hand. Traces the pendant on Billy's skin.

“How are you so fucking buff?” He murmurs, “Do you just lift firetrucks in your spare time?” Fuck. It’s not *decent*. And it makes Steve’s mouth water.

--

Billy smiles slowly and presses into the touch. Flexes a little just to be that way.

“Try 50 pound weights, baby,” he says shrugging. “I just never stop. Although I was short on time today so I may have pushed it up a bit. More weight, fewer reps… Muscles might still be a little jacked up from it. And I may have done that on purpose.” He smirks a little.

--

“No shit,” Steve teases, because Billy being proud of his body, that is a concept he is familiar with. The guy would probably run around naked to properly display all that glory, if people let him. But the thought that he did it before their date because he wanted to show off for *Steve*, that makes it something else.

“I don’t think I can appreciate that properly with that shirt still on, though,” he shakes his head, and the makes a move to take it off, because that’s what a good *boyfriend* would do, clearly.

Billy is probably just showing off on purpose after that, he tells himself when the curves of Billy’s arms just invite him to touch, feel the hard muscle underneath.

--

“Mm you like that, baby?” Billy smirks watching Steve’s hands trail softly over him and feeling simultaneously powerful and oh so under his control. Steve’s fingers seem to leave trails of fire wherever they go and the feeling of it is intoxicating.

--

“If I say yes, will I never see you again because you’ll be too busy lifting weights?” Steve smiles, and runs his hands over Billy’s broad shoulders, the soft planes of his chest. Fuck, he never thought he’d be

into muscles, of all things. But touching Billy, and imagining him sweating and pushing himself so he'd come to their date like this, pumped up and slightly flushed…

"Yeah, I like it," he admits, pushing Billy back into the seat and moving the popcorn to the floor so he has the space to lean in, touch with both hands. His fingers tangle in the pendant on his chest, and something niggles at his mind.

"Hey, I…" *God, this feels stupid*. Steve closes his eyes for a second, tries to just let Billy's closeness calm his nerves. "I got something for you. It's nothing special, just uh… Do you want it now, or after— I mean, later?"

--

Billy frowns, instantly distracted from the hands on his sore muscles. "Nothing special" makes it sound exactly the opposite and Billy finds himself suddenly nervous. Should he have got Steve a gift or something? Is that something people do on first dates?

"You got me something?" he asks. "When?"

--

"Um." Steve realises how this is going to sound, but, hell, he's in for it now. "In, in California. It's nothing big, I just. Didn't have the chance to give it to you before."

He leans back against the wall of the car, one leg pulled up on the seat, has a feeling that he may have properly killed the moment now.

--

Billy is touched. Knows it's probably nothing, something intentionally stupid like an "I Love Long Beach" t-shirt or a little surfer figurine, (how could it be anything better? Steve hardly even *knows* him!) but for the first time in his life Billy is fully feeling the old sentiment that it's "the thought that counts."

--

Now Billy is just looking at him expectantly, so Steve decides to get a move on, rip off that band-aid. If Billy doesn't like it, they can just get back to the regularly scheduled programming, hopefully, and proceed with touching each other everywhere they normally can't. (The movie isn't even an option in Steve's mind, he hasn't paid a smidge of attention since the thing started.)

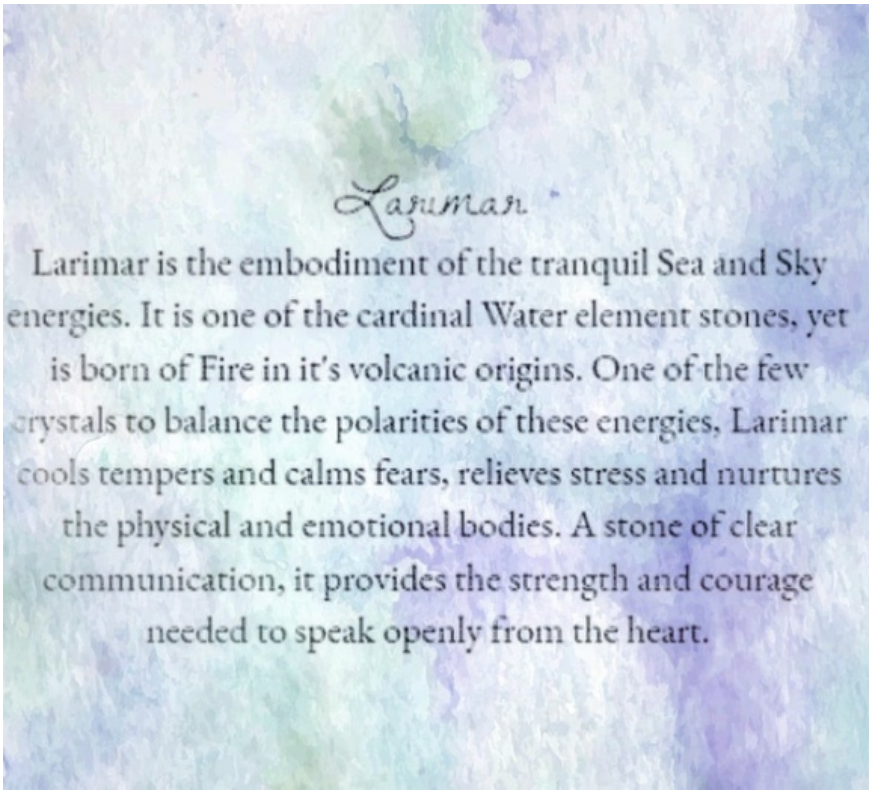
Steve leans over to his backpack and takes out the little parcel. Pushes it into Billy's hands.

"I was thinking of getting cigars or something," he mutters, "but there was this little shop and the lady who owned it said these are positive energy or some shit? And I thought, who doesn't need that…"

--

Billy's caught between a smirk and a real smile as he takes the little brown package in his hands and rips through the wrapping paper with his fingers. Inside is a pale blue stone - just about the color of his eyes - cut into a sort of football shape and hung on a silver chain.

"Holy shit," he breathes, a little awestruck at how it looks in his hand. So solid and real and *coupley*. He pulls it out of the wrapping and a little piece of cardstock falls into his lap.


Larimar
Larimar is the embodiment of the tranquil Sea and Sky energies. It is one of the cardinal Water element stones, yet is born of Fire in it's volcanic origins. One of the few crystals to balance the polarities of these energies, Larimar cools tempers and calms fears, relieves stress and nurtures the physical and emotional bodies. A stone of clear communication, it provides the strength and courage needed to speak openly from the heart.

Billy laughs a little and glances up at Steve. *Did he read this?* he wonders, *or did he just like the color?*

“This is just about the most California thing you could’ve got me, baby,” he smirks, and pulls Steve close to him for a kiss. “Help me put it on?” he asks, because that’s how people do this right? They have the gift giver put their jewelry on for them despite the fact they can clearly do it themselves? Billy feels suddenly very much like the girl in the relationship and somehow that doesn’t piss him off. He hands Steve the pendant and turns around, pulling his hair-sprayed curls up out of the way.

--

Steve only then realizes how relieved he is that Billy doesn’t hate it. He did laugh at it, but amused Billy is better than sarcastic Billy, at least.

“I just thought, you always have something around your neck, so it wouldn’t be weird, like a bracelet or something,” he says, still feeling a bit stupid over it. But helping Billy put it on feels nice. He fiddles with the persnickety fastening and wonders if Billy might not have just put the thing over his head. Maybe he wanted Steve to do it? The thought makes him smile.

“You don’t have to wear it, if you think it’s dumb,” he adds, just to make sure.

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Billy turns back around and fixes his hair, glances down to see that the pendant lays just perfectly below his mother’s Virgen de Guadalupe necklace, and smiles.

“I love it,” he says, posing a little bit so Steve can see just how good it looks on his bare chest. “I’ll wear it whenever I can, baby. Fuck...” He blinks away the immeasurably stupid stinging in his eyes and leans in to kiss Steve before he can see Billy’s eyes glisten. “Thank you,” he kisses him again, and presses deeper into it.

--

Kissing is immeasurably easier than talking sometimes, and Steve gratefully takes Billy up on it. He leans closer and touches the pendant on Billy’s chest, both of them, and smiles into the kiss. It’s a good thing that he hadn’t chickened out on giving it to Billy, even though it might be a bit sappy. It looks - and feels - good on him.

“Hey, I’m actually doing pretty good at this boyfriend thing so far, aren’t I?” he says with a laugh when they come up for air. Boyfriend. It feels so good to say it out loud, to Billy’s face, and see how he smiles a bit just from hearing the word, so Steve wants to do it again. “Wouldn’t you say so, boyfriend?”

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Billy cracks a slightly disbelieving smile.

“Yeah, you’re doing alright,” he says wryly, leaning in for another kiss. “Guess I’ll have to keep you around. Just from a financial

standpoint, I mean—“ Billy laughs when Steve hits him in the side for that, and pulls him back into a kiss.

“Yeah, you’re a pretty damn good boyfriend, Harrington,” he smirks. Billy licks his lips and smirks at Steve promisingly. “I’d better get on your level somehow.”

He slides his hands up Steve’s chest and begins to undo the buttons of his soft blue Oxford collar with slow fingers, bringing their lips together hungrily.

--

“Well, you already got me Junior Mints,” Steve points out helpfully, but he is not going to stop Billy from that train of thought if he absolutely insists, and Billy’s lips are the best reason to stop talking Steve’s come across in a while.

The taste of bourbon still lingers, along with the cigarette Billy smoked on their way, and Steve can’t get enough of it. He could spend all night kissing Billy, if Billy would let him. It has to make up for the times Steve sees Billy at school, and can’t come up to him and kiss him until Billy grumbles at him that they’ll miss class.

“Do you think you could, uh, wear it to school?” he asks when they come up for air. “I mean, I know you’d have to say some chick gave it to you or something, but…” It would be nice to see it. Have it be something he and Billy share, if he can’t even say hi to Billy in public.

--

Billy smiles and leans down to kiss the exposed center of Steve’s chest as he keeps opening the buttons.

“I think I might be able to arrange that,” he murmurs against the skin promisingly. “Although I think if I wear it in gym I might bruise my fuckin’ sternum.” He brushes the soft cotton out of the way with his chin and licks a circle around Steve’s dark nipple, feeling it harden against his lips. He pushes the shirt up off Steve’s shoulders and brings his lips up to kiss the skin there as he reveals it.

“God, you’re so fuckin’ pretty, baby,” he murmurs reverently, never taking his lips off Steve’s shoulders and arms as his fingers push the shirt the rest of the way off his boyfriend.

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Steve hisses at the feeling of Billy’s lips on his nipples, and the cool air once Billy moves on. It feels a bit weird to lie back and take it, he isn’t usually this passive, but for the moment, it’s far too good to just let Billy do what he wants to him. Call him pretty, make him blush. It’s odd, and new, and Steve likes it, though he wouldn’t have thought so to begin with. He just doesn’t know how to respond, how to be for Billy. Steve runs his fingers through Billy’s hair, tugs him closer for a kiss, even though he doesn’t want to stop his exploration. But there’s always gotta be more kissing.

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Billy has to remind himself that it’s okay if Steve ruins his hair. Has to remind himself that tonight it was designed specifically for this purpose before he sighs and relaxes into the pull. And then he presses into the kiss further, pushing Steve back against the side of the cramped space they’re in and straddling his lap with a groan as his cock, already half-hard inside his jeans, presses up against Steve’s thigh. He tips his head back and bites his bottom lip to resist a loud moan because *fuck*, he’s been waiting for this all fucking week.

--

Somehow they always end up with Billy on top of him, Steve thinks and grins, because that’s a nice constant to have.

“You need some help with this, or…” he gropes Billy through his jeans, flushing a little when he feels Billy already definitely interested, but hey, this is what they’ve come here for, isn’t it?

--

Billy’s hips buck into the pressure without his willing it and he hums a little laugh, looking back down at Steve through his lashes with predatory hunger.

“Mm you’re already helping, gorgeous,” he purrs, and presses back in to his lips. “But you’re always welcome to make further acquaintance with my dick, baby. If you can’t tell, it’s eager to meet you.”

--

Steve can’t help but grin, and purse his lips. “I have a feeling we’re gonna be good pals by the time this movie is over,” he quips, and starts opening the buttons on Billy’s jeans. “Who knows, maybe it’ll like my hand even better than yours…”

He pops the last button and pauses, smiles at the unexpected presence of a soft, pale pair of briefs. He runs his fingers along the top elastic, and watches Billy shiver at that.

“You’re just messing with me now…” he smirks.

--

“Excuse me, who just stopped moving his hands closer to whose dick?” Billy replies with false indignance, pressing his hips up into Steve’s gentle fingers insistently. “I’m the one messing with *you*, sure,” he rolls his eyes.

--

“You *never* wear underwear,” Steve laughs, and presses a quick kiss to Billy’s pouty lips. “What is this, you trying to convince me that you’re actually hard to get?”

He gives Billy’s cock a nice firm squeeze through the thin fabric, and smiles at the resulting gasp. “I think that’s a lost cause, babe.”

--

“I’m just planning ahead this time,” Billy replies easily. “I don’t wanna come on these jeans, baby, they’re my favorite pair.” He lifts himself off Steve’s lap a little and passes a hand over his still jean-clad ass appraisingly. He leans in to Steve’s ear then and says low against his ear: “And for the record, I’m only easy for you ‘cause you turn me on when you fuckin’ *breathe*, Harrington. I’m not an *undiscerning* slut.”

--

Steve shivers slightly at the words and Billy's warm breath on his ear. It's a heady idea, Billy being so turned on by Steve that this is the reason he comes on so strong whenever Steve is around. Who's to say it isn't the truth? Steve has only ever seen Billy with him. Maybe when he's with other people, he's about as sexy as wallpaper. Not fucking likely, but a nice thought.

"Well, that's good," Steve smiles, "A slut with excellent taste. I think I can work with that." He gets to work in earnest then, pushing Billy's indecently tight jeans down, past the excellent swell of his ass, so he has the space to free Billy's dick from those briefs. Mmmh. Steve gives it an experimental stroke. The angle is odd as hell.

"Got any lube with you?"

--

Billy kisses Steve with a smirk and nods. Gets up off his lap and leans over for his jacket and catches a snatch of the movie on the screen they've been ignoring for so long. Somebody seems to be dying. He's sure it's all very frightening. As he returns to Steve in the back he gives himself a stroke and pushes his jeans further down to his knees. Lets Steve help him the rest of the way out of them, and hands him the travel-sized bottle he hasn't used in so many months.

--

"Get those off, too," Steve murmurs, tugging at Billy's briefs until Billy complies, and then encourages Billy to straddle him again. Billy's cock is fully hard now, standing up proudly, and it may not be as big as Steve's but it's a proper handful. Steve starts stroking it, slowly at first, trying to get used to the unfamiliar heft and girth. He likes a firm grip on himself, and the way Billy sighs when he strokes him harder seems to say that he does, too.

Steve lets go for a moment, opens the bottle of lube and squeezes some on his right hand. It would make the whole thing easier, but that's not what he wanted it for. Switching Billy's cock to his left hand, he runs the slick fingers of his right up the inside of Billy's

thigh, under his balls. Finds what he's looking for. And slips the tip of one finger in.

Billy's moan is both startled and delighted. Steve smiles. "I like that you're easy for *me*, at least."

--

Billy clutches the back of the driver's seat and arches his back, closing his eyes for a moment because *fuck,* he's naked in the backseat of his car with Steve's fingers on and inside of him and anyone could look in at any moment and see them at least vaguely and somehow that's fucking *hot.*

"Fuck, Steve, I want you mmf-" he breaks himself off with a desperate kiss, bringing Steve's lips up to his with a hand tangled hard in his hair. "I want you everywhere. God."

--

By this time Steve wishes he had an extra hand, because watching Billy be into it all like this is making his own cock throb.

There's no relief in sight just yet, though, so Steve tries to concentrate on the matter at hand. "You like this?" he says softly, straining towards Billy's lips. "You want more?"

--

Billy opens his eyes and gives Steve a curious look. So turned on and enjoying the turning of this straight boy gay, he doesn't know what Steve has in mind but he knows that he wants whatever it is like he's never wanted anything else in his life. He brings the hand in Steve's hair to the front of his face and presses his thumb against Steve's kiss-wet lips softly, rolling his hips into Steve's hands with a groan.

"I want it all, baby."

--

Steve expected no less, but Billy's eager reply still makes him grin. Could anything in the world be a bigger turn-on than Billy, tough as

nails, so open and wanting, open for him, needing *him*? He leans in to kiss Billy deeper, shifting in the seat.

“Here, let me…” A slow dance of moving closer and getting Billy to lie down on the seat ends up with Steve kneeling on the floor because the damn Camaro isn’t a king size luxury bed, much as it presumes to be. Steve is right where he wants to be though. He pushes in again, two fingers this time, and smiles into Billy’s moan.

“You know, it’s been awhile,” he says innocently, their foreheads leaning together. “Maybe I don’t remember… is this the right spot?” He gives the little nub inside Billy a gentle nudge.

--

Billy’s fingers cling to Steve’s hair and his shoulder, and he angles his mouth up desperately for a kiss but misses and ends up moaning into the open air.

“Fuck! Yeah, right there, oh fuck,” he mutters mindlessly as Steve’s fingers circle the spot, returning and returning. “Shit, Steve, slow down or I’m gonna-- ahhmm *fuck you*.” Steve pulls back on the intensity just enough to bring Billy back from the teetering edge, but keeps his fingers buried inside.

Billy groans and presses in to a kiss, licking into Steve’s mouth immediately, as if in some sort of revenge for the pleasure of his own penetration. He bites his bottom lip and runs a hand down to play with Steve’s nipple.

--

“Or you’re gonna fuck me?” Steve repeats, smirking against Billy’s lips. “Man, you’re ambitious tonight…”

He gives Billy’s cock another fond stroke, runs his thumb over the tip, spreading the wetness that has gathered there. Considers for a second. It’s probably not a bad idea to try it now, if he ever gets the nerve to do it. Now that Billy is already hot as hell, and won’t laugh if Steve turns out to be shit at giving head. Probably.

No need to play entirely fair, though. Steve goes back to giving Billy’s

ass some proper attention, and just when Billy bucks and arches into his touch, he leans down and *licks*, all the way from balls to tip.

--

Billy throws his head back with a moan and can't help but let his legs fall completely open to either side as he clutches the blanket underneath him.

"Mmyeah," he pants. "Fuck. Yeah. Put your pretty mouth on my cock, Harrington. God, please."

--

"Oh well, since you said 'please'..." Steve gives back, a little haughtily, because this is fucking terrifying, the feeling that he has absolutely no clue what he is doing. He tries to remember what feels good, and can't. It's completely different being on the other end of it. He tries not to panic, not with Billy's dick in his face and his fingers up Billy's ass.

Fuck it. He's faced demon dogs from hell and come out alive and kicking. He can suck Billy's fucking dick.

So he leans down and does just that.

--

Billy doesn't move his hips. He knows he doesn't, because for a second that's all he can focus on at all: how much he *needs* to keep still for Steve and let him set the pace, let him get the feel for this. But God, even the cautious, shy little sucking he's doing on the head is delicious and beautiful to watch. He doesn't even have to exaggerate much to whine encouragement and praises at the sight.

"Your mouth is so good, baby," he moans breathlessly, trying hard not to close his eyes from the pleasure because he *wants to watch*. "Fuck, you're so hot on your knees for me, Harrington. You-- ahh you're doing great, pretty boy."

--

Billy's praise *shouldn't* feel so good, he's halfway over the top already, he'd say anything now, Steve knows it, he's been there, done that. But it *does* feel good, it makes Steve want to be so good for Billy, do so well. He gets bolder, sucks Billy's cock harder, sucks him down as deep as he can, finally remembers what his other hand is doing and curls his fingers to give Billy's sweet spot some love. He doesn't bank on Billy bucking up into his mouth though, and quickly has to pull back, coughing.

--

"Fuck! Sorry," Billy reaches down and brushes Steve's hair out of his face. "Sorry, baby, I'm sorry. Just-- treat it like a shaky keg stand," he advises with a little laugh that turns into a groan when Steve twists his fingers inside of him.

--

"Shaky keg stand," Steve repeats to himself, chuckling. "My god, it's finally happening. Blowjobs are turning you into an idiot."

It helps, though. Not the keg stand thing, *good grief*. But the laughter, the feeling that the whole thing isn't so goddamn serious. So what if he isn't a born cocksucker, Steve thinks while he sucks Billy's cock down again with determined fervor. Billy probably had to practice to get so great at it. All Steve needs to do is to keep at it.

He manages to get down deeper every time he tries, and hums with satisfaction when he gets almost all the way down without gagging. And that just seems to drive Billy a whole new level of crazy, so Steve does it again. Moans around Billy's cock every time he goes down, like he can't get enough of it.

--

Billy is convinced he's died and gone to heaven. Steve's fingers feel like they were made for his ass and his lips are so perfect stretched around his cock and now he's *moaning* into it like *he's* getting off on this. It's all he can do not to press up into Steve's mouth or down onto his fingers and he's biting his lip so hard he thinks it might be bleeding.

He doesn't want to come this soon. The movie isn't even half over. But if Steve keeps this up he's not going to be able to hold it together. And as it is he couldn't tell him to stop if he tried. Billy's never had the greatest impulse control, and with Steve's mouth *and* fingers involved, any that he did have goes straight out the window.

"Fuck, Steve, mm so fucking good. Ohh I'm not gonna last. Fuck me, baby I'm gonna come. Jesus, just a little--"

--

"Mmmmmh," Steve agrees. Fuck yeah, he wants to fuck Billy. Just thinking of doing that, fucking him with his cock just like his fingers are now. On his back, like this? Or with Billy straddling him, strong thighs gripping his, arms around Steve's neck?

"Mmmh," Steve sighs, and wonders if Billy's jaw ever gets tired, like Steve's is starting to. He moans again, because Billy likes that, Steve can tell. And just as he starts to get the feeling he's getting almost good at this whole thing, Billy shudders beneath him and Steve doesn't even realize he should pull back until it's too late.

He sputters, and swallows a bit on accident, then a bit on purpose, then pulls back and chokes a little. God, this is *weird*.

--

Billy arches his back unintentionally, his cock trying to follow those sweet lips as Steve pulls up off him with a jerk, but just managing to paint them with a thick spurt of come as he does. His dick jumps in Steve's hand, and Billy moans with mouth wide open as his climax decorates Steve's still slightly parted lips and chin, and his boyfriend glances up at him with those slightly concerned puppy dog eyes, like he's not quite sure what just happened or if he's done something wrong.

"Fuck," Billy pants when he finally comes down, his cock falling limp as he reaches out to bring Steve up to him. "You did so good, baby. Mm you look so filthy like this." He reaches up to kiss Steve's messy lips almost chastely, and even that gets Billy's lips all glossy and wet. He licks the salty thickness of it off a bit and smirks.

“How do you feel, cocksucker?” he asks, slipping a gentle hand down to fondle Steve’s own too-long neglected length.

--

How do I feel? Steve asks himself, and the answer is, a bit like a fool. He tries to wipe the come off his chin but only seems to end up smearing it.

“Jesus,” he mutters. “I didn’t… does it always taste like that?” He pulls a face, maybe a bit more theatrically now that Billy is smirking at him.

--

“What, my come?” Billy asks and brings Steve’s face back to his to lick a little from his boyfriend’s chin. He takes a moment and swallows it. Shrugs a little. “Not the best it’s tasted, but I didn’t know you were gonna do that tonight, did I?”

--

“Not the best you’ve tasted?” Steve gives back incredulously, grinning. “What do you mean? If you’d known I was gonna blow you, you’d have made it taste better somehow?”

He is feeling a bit dizzy, and also, well. A little proud. He has managed to get through a blowjob, no teeth or anything. That’s not bad for his very first try. He gives Billy’s soft cock a fond little squeeze. *You and me, pal. I think we can be friends.*

--

Billy considers licking the rest of his come from Steve’s face, but realizes that might just freak the poor boy out, so he reaches blind for his discarded briefs and brings the corner of them up to clean him up.

“Yeah,” he answers plainly with a shrug. “Pineapple, cranberry juice, easy on the cigarettes for a few days… It still tastes like come, but you’d be surprised. I’ll do it next time if… if that experience wasn’t enough to turn you off it forever.”

Billy sets the messy underwear down on the floor carefully and spots the Junior Mint boxes while he's looking away. He grabs one of them and opens it quickly.

"But for now, I always find a chaser helps," he suggests with a wink, popping a couple candies into his mouth and leaning up a little for a kiss.

--

Kissing is always Steve's favourite bit, kissing leading up to sex, kissing while having sex, kissing after sex, kissing just because you haven't kissed your boyfriend in a long, long while (like five minutes). Now he gets to add kissing Billy tasting like like Junior Mints and come to the list, and it's filthy and glorious. Steve can't get enough.

The half-kneeling on the floor is getting a bit uncomfortable, though. He shifts himself back up onto the seat and pulls Billy closer, almost on top of him, because he wants more kissing.

"Yeah, I'd do that again," he says with a shrug and a smile in between kisses. Billy looked like he loved it, after all. And Steve wants to make him feel good. "Does that mean you'll only eat pineapples and stop smoking now?"

--

Billy laughs against his lips and shakes his head a little.

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves here," he says. "If I only eat pineapple, I won't have this physique for long. And if I cut out smoking I might actually be able to smell the shithole we live in. I'm not gonna *completely* change my lifestyle for a blowjob." He kisses Steve quickly and brings the bourbon back up to take a swig. "Just a little," he adds with a wink.

--

"And here I thought you were a man of dedication," Steve shakes his head regretfully. The bourbon tastes good on Billy, he chases the faint burn with his tongue until there's nothing left of it.

“Then again, keeping up the physique does sound good…” He runs his hand over Billy’s pecs, once more admiring the feel of hard muscle underneath. Yeah, no. An all pineapple diet is definitely out. Steve shifts in his seat, and suddenly becomes aware of a soft crunch underneath. “Oh shit,” he mutters, when he sees the tub of popcorn, or rather its contents, artfully decorating the entire foot space. “Um.”

--

Billy feels a flash of anger. *What the hell? Who the hell? When did this--?* But Steve is still there with him, pressed into him, and just his presence, his cool fingers against his chest, calms the irrational rage at a situation that’s simultaneously both and neither of their faults.

He breathes deep and instead channels panic at how fucking hard this is going to be to clean completely, and deep disappointment as he realizes the date is effectively over until they can get at least most of this shit off the floor. God knows he’s not letting them crunch more of it into the carpeting. He’s had enough of a job of it keeping Max from ruining the leather interiors with food since he started being her personal taxi service.

His heart fucking sinks and he glances at the too-long neglected bulge in Steve’s pants. So much for a nice fucking date.

“This is bullshit,” he sighs, kicking at the popcorn with his socked foot. “Fuck, it’s gonna take fucking forever to get this shit out. I shouldn’t have even got it, it just felt like, since we were at a movie…”

--

Steve slips his arms around Billy’s waist, pulls him close. “Hey,” he says, not quite ready to let something as inconsequential as spilled popcorn kill his buzz. “Don’t worry about it. We’ll get most of it back in that bucket, and then we’ll just not put our feet down for a bit…”

He makes a show of toeing off his sneakers and pulling his legs up on the seat (which, okay, takes quite a bit of wiggling, because his legs are too *long*, he’d never make a good gymnast).

“We’ll just stay up like this, piece of cake,” he says, bumping his nose into the side of Billy’s neck, because Billy is still scowling. “And tomorrow we’ll take the car over to Jensen’s on Orwell Street and have it detailed. They got our other mess out of my suede seats, they can deal with a bit of popcorn.”

--

“I can’t afford that,” Billy dismisses without even taking his eyes off the floor. “Anyway they’re not open on weekends.”

--

“They are until noon,” Steve counters, nuzzling Billy’s neck. “And my dad’s got an account there. They won’t give a shit, it’s gonna take an hour, two at most, if you want it washed and waxed and the gas topped off at the end. They’re gonna charge the weekend rate, I’m gonna tip the guy a little extra, and everyone will be happy.”

--

Billy sighs and tilts his head to the side to accommodate Steve’s closeness. Closes his eyes for a second.

“Yeah but… wait, *you’re gonna*--?” he pulls away and fixes Steve with a doubtful frown. “*You’re paying*--? Harrington, I can’t let you… It’s my car, you can’t just… Dammit, Steve…” Billy can’t help but smile a little. Leans in for a kiss. “Are you serious?” he asks softly.

--

“Of course I am,” Steve smiles into the kiss, because, *finally*, that frown is gone. “It was probably me who knocked it over anyway, while I was sucking your dick.”

His ears still heat up a bit just from saying it. “Not that I’m gonna tell *that* to my dad, though…”

--

Billy moves his kisses to Steve’s neck and smirks at the flush he finds there, kisses the hot skin of his jaw and his ear.

“You know, if you keep blowing your money on me like this, baby…” he warns vaguely into his ear, his voice low and more than a little promising, although there is still embarrassment and doubt there too.

--

“I know, I’ll have to cut back on buying girl scout cookies this year,” Steve sighs dramatically. “It’s gonna be hard, but Harringtons are made for sacrifice.”

He wants to tell Billy that another bit of car maintenance isn’t going to make a noticeable dent in his allowance, but holds his tongue. If Billy was that upset over not being able to pay for it…

--

“I can see that,” Billy smirks, and he kind of means it. Sure, Steve might not live half as hard a life as he does, but he really fuckin’ tries. And the thought of Steve trying for him makes his chest feel simultaneously tight and floaty. Billy slides a hand up Steve’s inner thigh. “I mean your poor balls, baby,” he muses, cupping them. Steve’s cock, still trapped by the soft, expensive fabric of his slacks, has wilted significantly with neglect, and Billy gives it an apologetic squeeze as he leans in for a soft kiss.

“I’m sorry I let you sit around like this for so long, pretty boy. Ruining your pretty pants with precome only to be left alone…” He nudges Steve into removing the rest of his clothes, because at this angle there’s no way he can do it himself. “Why am I always the naked one, baby?” he complains. “You’re hot. I want to see all of you.”

--

Steve smiles, because Billy without clothes is quickly becoming one of his favorite things. “Don’t knock it, that’s a powerful gift,” he says while popping open the buttons on his pants and pushing them down together with his briefs, just enough to relieve some pressure.

“The way your clothes just seem to melt off after a bit… can’t even keep a shirt buttoned up in mid-winter.” He smirks at Billy, though

tonight, for this date, he had taken a page out of Billy's book and left a few buttons open on his own shirt. And it had been chilly as hell. How does Billy stay away from catching cold all the time?

Billy shifts in the seat and pulls Steve closer, against him, still staying clear of the littered floor, until Steve ends up lying against Billy's chest. He can feel the pendant digging into his back and smiles.

--

Billy wraps his legs around Steve's clumsily, holding them open for him while also holding himself close with the action. He's hardly aware of the fact that his own cock is pressed into the cleft of Steve's ass like this, flaccid as it is currently, but he does notice enough to know he wants Steve to stay exactly where he is for a good while.

"Your back is so gorgeous, baby, goddamn," he breathes as he finally takes Steve's cock in his hand once again and leans into his shoulder to kiss from mole to mole. "I could stare at this for hours. Read you like a fucking book. You know they say these are from angel kisses," he smiles, licking over a cluster of them. He moves a hand down to Steve's balls and massages them gently between his fingers while he reaches for the lube beside and underneath them.

--

"Angel kisses," Steve smiles, shaking his head. "Nobody would ever believe me if I told them how romantic you can get…" The sensation of Billy's tongue on his skin makes Steve shiver. He shifts to sit closer to Billy, give him better access to all of himself, kicks off the jumble of underpants and slacks completely now because he's starting to feel hot, all the way down to his toes.

--

"Don't tell them then," Billy suggests, biting his shoulder a little and flicking the lube open onto his palm. "It'll be our little secret, just like how much of a natural talent you are for cocksucking," he smirks, flicking the bottle closed again as he rubs the slick on his palm till it's warm enough to give to Steve's patiently waiting cock.

“And where I got this pendant that brings out my eyes so fucking perfect,” he presses kisses into Steve’s neck, through his dark hair, and gets caught up for a moment in the soft smell of it. Breathes it in deep as he slicks his hand slowly up Steve’s erection like he’s got all the time in the world.

--

“Mmmmmh, fuck,” Steve sighs, *fuck*, but he has been waiting for this contact, Billy’s knowing hand on his dick, slick and sweet, just the right kind of tight and strong. He would have had a lot of things to say about Billy’s eyes, and being a natural for sucking cock (which he kinda doubts, but hey, any gay compliment in a storm), but they all fly out of his mind as soon as Billy touches him.

“I wouldn’t tell anyone,” he says softly, though he wishes he could, just a bit. Just how Billy drives him crazy sometimes. “I promised…”

--

“Shh I know, baby,” Billy says, tipping his kisses up Steve’s jaw and willing him to turn into the kiss because both of his hands are slick with lubricant and he doesn’t want to ruin Steve’s soft hair with it. “I know it’s hard, but you’re doing so good, Steve.”

He sits up a little straighter against his back, adjusts himself to lean over his boyfriend’s shoulder, and feels his cock slide hard up against Steve’s ass. His breath catches and he narrowly holds back a groan. Doesn’t want Steve to freak out because honestly, the thought of fucking his ass was the first Billy ever had about Steve Harrington, but he doesn’t think at this point that he’d really mind at all not getting around to that for a good long while.

And yeah, just having that ass pressed into him like this is making Billy want it a little more, but not enough to bring it up and ruin any semblance of OK Steve has managed to secure with regard to his ever changing sexuality. Not enough that he’d rather talk about it than give Steve’s beautiful cock the attention it deserves, and paint these ugly blankets with his boyfriend’s orgasm.

--

Just hearing Billy praise him, with that low murmuring voice that doesn't even register proper words in Steve's brain, just the underlying meaning beneath -- *you are excellent, doing so well, good, so good, good for me* -- just that makes Steve feel glowy and wanted and hot. He moans into the kiss, arches his neck to give Billy better access to his mouth, arches his spine to offer up his cock for Billy to do with whatever he wants, and he can tell Billy is into this, too, can feel him starting to get hard and persistent against his ass. Without thinking, Steve grinds back on him.

"Baby," he sighs, reaching up to touch Billy's cheek, keep him close.

--

Billy moans and his cock feels so good against the soft flesh of Steve's ass he can't help but grind into it a little. Keeps his strokes steady on Steve's erection, and never once breaks their kiss.

Steve's lips are so much better than any he's had on his before, and the eagerness to please comes pouring through in the way he tilts his chin for Billy and the way he moans satisfaction when their tongues finally meet.

Billy circles his thumb about the slit at Steve's head and pushes the precome forming there out, down around it.

--

Whining, Steve pushes up into Billy's touch but it's not enough. Close, he's so close now, needs more, more of Billy's mouth, his warmth, his nice strong hands. He grips Billy's hand with his own, holds it tight while he presses closer, faster, until he finally comes with a wild groan, half over Billy's fingers, his own legs, the blankets underneath. Not the seat leather, sadly. He'd pay good money to properly come in the Camaro someday, Steve thinks lazily while Billy kisses him and holds him through the last dregs of orgasm. Just so he'd know there's a bit of himself in the car, always. Steve sighs. Feels a bit sleepy.

"You can pinch me if I start falling asleep again," he offers drowsily, snuggling closer to his boyfriend. "But I *will* hold it against you…"

--

Billy presses a kiss into Steve's neck and brings his fingers up to lick them off quickly.

"Hand me my underwear first, baby," he says with a nudge, "let me clean you up."

--

"Hmm," Steve opens his eyes reluctantly and tries to make sense of the mess on the floor. Discarded clothes, popcorn, his backpack, the bottle of whiskey, more popcorn… Ah. He reaches out for the pair of grey underpants and puts them down on his chest.

"Oh hey, Junior Mints." He smiles and pops a few in his mouth. "I love Junior Mints," he mumbles as he leans in to press a kiss to Billy's lips. Junior Mints and Billy.

--

Billy has no choice but to smile into the kiss as he brings the already ruined briefs down to Steve's soft dick and wipes him down.

"I'm starting to understand the hype," he agrees, letting his lips linger on Steve's.

He wipes his hands off too, then tosses the dirty fabric to the floor and pulls an extra blanket down from the back of the seat they're sitting on to cover them up.

--

"Mmmmh," Steve sighs, leaning back closer, letting himself melt into Billy's warm body. Warm, hard body. He wiggles a little to get closer, feels Billy's hard cock against his ass. In another moment, he might have commented on that, teased Billy about it, but it feels like too much effort now. He closes his eyes again, leans his face against Billy's neck. Presses a drowsy kiss there, not even half-awake anymore.

--

Billy smiles and closes his own eyes for a moment, his left hand coming up to card through Steve's somewhat sex-ruined hair as he basks in comfortable pressure of his boyfriend's exhausted body slumped against his own. But he doesn't leave them closed for long. He's not tired like Steve is, and, besides that, flashbacks of the last time both of them fell asleep like this keep him alert.

He turns his head a little to the side and glances through the front window of the Camaro for the first time in what feels like hours and realizes they must be nearing the climax of the movie. A girl in white pajamas who must be one of the main characters wanders cautiously through a dimly lit scene, clearly stalking someone or something, although with no weapon in hand that Billy can see.

The scene is relatively quiet. Brings to Billy's attention for the first time just how much sound they'd been talking and moaning over in the past hour and a half, now that the only sounds are the creepy score and the sound of isolated footsteps. Billy hopes it stays this way for a while, just for Steve. Even if it won't exactly be a hardship for him to *not* fall asleep for half of their date, Billy is surprised how much he's enjoying the simple touch of another human body against his.

He turns to look at Steve's face again and can't help smiling at how soft and beautiful he looks, not moreso but different from usual. His mouth slightly parted, his breathing slow, his cheeks just the slightest bit flushed. Billy kisses his chin softly so as not to wake him, and reaches carefully for the pack of cigarettes that fell from his jacket pocket and into the crease of the seats at some point during the night.

--

The softness of the warm body beneath him lulls Steve into a false sense of security. But as soon as his mind is slipping into the half-state of awareness, he knows exactly where he is. The tunnels. Always the tunnels. Only this time he is alone, and everyone else is gone. Are they dead? He hopes they aren't dead, but there is nobody *there.*

He moans, tries to get moving, away from the cold, but his limbs are tangled in something, he can't get away. Is Dustin right ahead in that

tunnel, with everyone else? He wants to go and check, get away, out into the open, but his legs won't move. The walls are closing in, he can hear water, dripping, dripping, close to water. *He likes it cold.*

"Shit!" Steve jerks awake suddenly. He can't remember where he is. *What is going on?* His heart is racing like he just lost Dustin and all the other little critters in the tunnels, like it was only moments ago. He looks up, on the screen there's a girl walking into the darkness, like the monsters in there can't kill her. Doesn't she know better? "Don't go down there!" Steve hisses, and has to bite his lip to keep from screaming when there's a hand suddenly squeezing his shoulder. He tries to move away, but the blankets are holding him hostage, and when he turns around, there's gonna be a wide open mouth full of teeth, a creature with no face, and he's—

--

"Hey, hey." Billy struggles to hold Steve close despite his struggling, and turns them so they can see each other. "Harrington, baby, you're alright. It's just me. I'm not gonna hurt you, I promise. Hey. It's just me, Steve. What's wrong? Come here."

--

Steve stares at Billy, trying to breathe. On the edges of his sight there is fire, people are yelling blearily. *"Nancy -- for god's sake, run!"* the radio yells, and Steve shudders.

"Where's Nancy?" He looks at Billy, confused. "Is Nance ok?"

--

Billy suddenly feels very painfully aware of his dying erection and how close their naked bodies are. He pulls away slightly and wishes he could cover himself somehow. Looks back to the screen outside the car as if for answers.

"It's just the movie, Harrington," he says. "It's just a character. Your *girlfriend* is fine."

--

The cold night air makes Steve shiver again, but it also helps clear his head a bit. He's with Billy, they're at the movies. *Of course.*

"I'm not--" he starts, shaking his head. "She's not my girlfriend. Don't, don't be like that." It's not fair, he isn't at his best, his mind is muddled, and he needs it unmuddled to not say stuff to make things worse. He can feel the cold between them. Billy isn't even looking at him.

Steve takes his hand, squeezes it. Billy's hand feels warm against his own. He's always warm, warm enough to warm Steve, maybe. "I'm sorry, I-- It was just a dream. I get, I get bad ones. Bad dreams."

--

Billy follows the pull to look him in the eyes and knows it's true. Remembers the midnight drives that started this whole thing and feels like an ass. Of course it was a nightmare. Steve even mentioned that first night that he wasn't sleeping well these days. Billy wonders what the nightmares are about. If Nancy has a part in them. If Nancy might be a *cause*. Their breakup does seem to correspond almost too well with when he started seeing Steve's Beemer streak by in the night.

He squeezes Steve's hand back and pulls it to his lips apologetically. He wants to ask all about the nightmares, but he knows it's none of his business. It's not like he can do anything about them anyway. As much as he would like to, Billy can't fight Steve's nightmares for him. And he *certainly* isn't thinking about how fucking gone he must already be for the guy, to be wishing he could fight his *nightmares*.

"No, *I'm* sorry. C'mere," he says, pulling Steve back into his arms and fixing the blankets around them. He presses a kiss into Steve's shoulder. "I don't know what I was thinking. I shouldn't have let you fall asleep at a horror movie anyway. I think this thing is actually *about* a guy who kills people in their dreams."

--

Steve glances over at the screen and looks away quickly. The guy's in a mask, he knows it, but it reminds him of the open jaws of things in

the dark. He shivers again, lets Billy pull him closer.

“They got better,” he mutters, leaning his head back against the car seat. “After California, and everything.” He hasn’t actually thought about it, but he can’t remember the last time a nightmare woke him up like that and made him dread his bed. He smiles. Feels a bit loopy, but that’s okay. Billy isn’t going to tell anyone. “Got better since I got you.”

That sounds way heavier out in the open than he would have imagined, but there’s no way to take the words back. And Steve doesn’t think he’d want to, anyhow.

--

Billy’s lips twitch into a smile and he has to look away because Steve’s still half-asleep and loopy from adrenaline and his saying things like that don’t mean anything, but Billy’s heart wants to take them seriously.

“You’ve got me now,” he reassures, stroking Steve’s side and his upper arm where he’s holding him close.

--

“I got you, babe,” Steve half-sings, and laughs when Billy mock-punches him in the side. “Okay, okay, I get it, no Cher in the Camaro. Christ. I think you should be nicer to the guy who just sucked your cock half an hour ago…”

--

“Hm,” Billy smirks, letting a sigh and a stretch press his hips up into Steve’s ass a little. “Yeah, you did, didn’t you? Tell me, how did that go again?” he asks.

--

“Ooooh, smooth!” Steve smiles, shaking his head. “Maybe I’ll give you a reminder,” Steve says dreamily, looking up into Billy’s face, which is so close, he can almost feel himself getting cross-eyed.

--

Billy leans in and kisses Steve's lips in complete disregard of the awkward angle. He's finding that Steve's habit of smiling into each kiss has started rubbing off on him, and it feels so good he can't bother to be bothered by it.

"I'd like that," he says, pulling Steve's bottom lip between his teeth softly. "But there's no way we can get into a position for that again tonight. Not when the floor is hot lava." He rolls his hips into Steve's again, slower and more deliberately now, and lets out a low groan.

--

For the first time Steve notices that Billy's dick is properly hard against him again, and yeah, okay, it's been awhile, before the popcorn disaster and the sweet lazy handjob and the sleeping… Steve thinks what it would be like to spend all night there, just lazily trading orgasms back and forth, like they can just stay in the Camaro forever. It would be nice if the thing had a bit more room available, though. He can hardly turn over without jabbing Billy in any place sensitive or important.

"Hot lava," he muses, and wiggles a bit, but there's no room. He doesn't *mean* to grind his ass against Billy like that just to turn over a bit. Well, maybe he does, a little.

"OK, gonna move now. Protect your valuables," he warns Billy, and turns a bit to the side, rolls over a little, shimmies and squirms until he's at least somewhat satisfied with lying half on top of Billy, finally facing him again, though their knees are definitely getting in each other's way. Still, at least now he has much better access to Billy's junk.

"I need to get more flexible," Steve mutters, angling one leg over Billy's, "Like take up yoga or some shit…" Billy's dick fits into his hand though as if it was made for it. He gives it a fond squeeze.

--

"Mm, fuck," Billy groans, pressing into Steve's hand and sliding his

cramped left arm around his back just enough to get a firm grip on his ass. “I like the sound of that.”

--

“Yeah, I bet you’d even like the sound of me saying the Pledge of Allegiance right now,” Steve chuckles, and pauses to reach over into the foot space to look for the lube. Who cares what he knocks over now, the whole thing is a wash anyway. Triumph! There’s lube, and it makes a rude sound when Steve fumbles around with it one-handedly to get some out, but not on Billy’s stomach or the sheets. This shit is so hard to do with his odd hand. Steve doesn’t really feel like Billy is being appreciative enough, because he’s making impatient little noises, and yeah, alright. They’re getting there. Steve manages not to mess them up both completely, surely there are some brownie points he should get for that?

--

“Never been particularly patriotic, but you’ve got a nice voice, Harrington, you might be able to sway me,” Billy suggests, hissing as the cold lube makes contact with his slightly frustrated cock. “Mm I bet you’d sound amazing if you let me really fuck your mouth,” he says, pushing into Steve’s hand now with a groan as he presses his lips to Steve’s neck. “All fucked out and scratchy. God, it’d be so hot. I’d be helpless.”

Steve’s hand on his cock is warm and soft, but it’s too gentle. Teasing and uncoordinated. And Billy glances back at the screen anxiously, knowing from the tone of things now just how little time they have left before Nancy either kills her dream monster or dies, and their cover becomes not so effective anymore.

“Come on, baby, come on,” he urges, leaning back and closing his eyes tightly.

--

Steve speeds up a little, but the angle is awkward and he fumbles a bit, wishing he could use his other hand. Billy is a sight though, head thrown back and eyes closed, with that little frown he gets when he’s

frustrated, how does Steve even know that? It's beautiful, and Steve looks at him carefully, tries to stash the image away for later. For when they're not together, which will be soon.

"You want to fuck my mouth?" he asks softly, though that's not a shock, not even news. "Yeah, I'd let you… I'd let you hold my head and fuck me like you want to…"

He turns his face towards the side of Billy's face and nearly gets hit in the eye by his earring, that spikey fucking menace. Steve navigates around it to suck hard on Billy's neck. "Mmmmmh, I'd make it so good for you, baby…"

--

Billy moans and feels his balls tighten at that more than anything Steve's doing with his hand right now. He thinks he could listen to Steve talking like that for hours and never get bored. Unfortunately for him, the movie seems to have other ideas. Billy's ears prick up as the music seems to get louder and there's a sudden dearth of any other sounds from the radio. He glances over through the windshield.

"Fuck," he groans, glancing over his shoulder at the car next to him. It looks like they might have a couple minutes still before they're really in trouble. But only just. They need to finish this up. Now.

"Baby," he gasps, pushing Steve's hand away from his cock and shrugging his own left arm out from under and around him. The movement pushes them a bit apart and their position is suddenly a lot less comfortable for both of them, but he has to do something or they're gonna be lying here until someone comes over with a pair of jumper cables and a lot of concern for the unmoving Camaro.

"I gotta come before we get out of here," he murmurs. "I can't drive like this."

--

"Um, okay." Steve tries to lean in to get at least into a good enough place to be able to kiss Billy while he's taking care of things on his own, but there's nowhere to go. Billy is looking down, still frowning,

and his tongue is sticking out a bit, and as soon as he's moving his hand, he jabs Steve in the side with his elbow.

"Fuck. Sorry, baby."

Steve winces, because he can still feel the spot where Billy hit him a week ago. But at least Billy is concentrating too hard to notice, too taken with his own dick, jerking himself off like he's trying to win a race. Steve sits up, groans a bit at the stiffness in his neck. The blankets are falling off him, and he registers movement in front of the car, sees the credits starting to roll. *Fuck*.

Sighing, he tries to find a way to sit up without breaking Billy's legs in the meantime. Straddles him for a second before he dives in the foot space for his shirt, and then tries to pick off all the popcorn sticking to it.

--

"Mm," Billy groans as Steve leans past him and then back. "Wait--just a little longer," he entreats, wrapping his right hand around the back of Steve's neck and leaning up for a kiss. Pressed together like this, their faces hidden, Billy figures one or both of them could be mistaken for girls at a glance. As long as no one glances far enough into the car to see their dicks.

"Fuck, I'm almost--" he grunts miserably. "God. I need to come, shit." He picks up the pace still further and reaches down his right hand to press into and just behind his balls and it helps. But his orgasm is still entirely too far away for comfort.

--

Steve is torn for a moment, wondering if he should just let Billy do his thing (because apparently, having Steve do it wasn't really *doing* it for him, and that thought shouldn't fucking smart, because what is he, a girl?). But no, this is their one fucking night. He wants Billy, even if they only have a couple more minutes, *especially* if they only have that. Wants to be the one Billy thinks of when he comes, not just his own fucking hand, not just a fucking rushed jerk-off just so Billy's dick won't be in the way of the fucking steering wheel when

they go home.

“Shhhh, c’mere. I got you,” he mutters, reaching for the lube and now that he’s sitting up, he can do it quickly and efficiently, coat his fingers with it, warm it a few seconds before he half-crouches in the fucking foot space, popcorn be damned, and nudge Billy’s hand out of the way before he pushes in, two fingers at once, and Billy hisses when he goes right for the goods. “I got you, babe,” Steve says, can’t help himself, smiles. Billy probably won’t hear it anyway.

--

Billy clenches hard around the fingers with a moan and times the hand on his cock to go with the stroke of Steve’s fingers in his ass.

“I swear to God, Harrington, that is *not* becoming ‘our song’,” he grunts, half annoyed, half endeared mostly surprised he’s still able to form sentences. Unpleasantly surprised. “Oh fuck,” he whines and pushes his hips out to give Steve a better angle for his fingers. Swirls his fingers over the head of his cock and shoves them back down around himself in a tight fist.

He can hear cars starting up around them. Headlights bathe the car beside theirs in light and Billy groans. This is stupid. They’re gonna get caught. Any second now. But he can’t think about that. That’s not helping. So instead he glances down at the boy between his legs, doing his damn best in the cramped space to nudge that bundle of nerves he knows so well by now with every furious thrust of his fingers, concentration on the sweet features of his face.

Billy’s balls tense threateningly and he lets out a relieved moan, throwing his head back and fucking up into his fist hard and desperate as *finally* his orgasm takes him. He milks himself dizzily through it for only a moment before he’s glancing around looking for something to clean up with and for the rest of his clothes.

“Okay we gotta fuckin’ go, baby,” he rasps, giving up and wiping his hand and chest and cock on one of the blankets. “We gotta fuckin’ go now.” He grabs a pair of pants from the ground and pulls them on desperately. Clumsily. Fast.

--

It almost gives Steve whiplash, the way Billy can go from clenching tight around Steve's fingers and streaking his own stomach with come to frantically buttoning up his pants and rooting around for his boots, but he gets it, doesn't want any of the other moviegoers to see him buck naked in the back of this car, either, especially since his tan has nearly faded. He shrugs into his shirt, shimmies into his pants (he can't find his underpants in the muddle of blankets and declares them a lost cause). This time he tries at least to not tread the popcorn too much into the floor, but, man. Those detailers have their work cut out for them.

Billy is quicker with everything, and already reaches for the handle to pop the passenger seat forward, when Steve holds him by the shoulder to dive in for one last kiss before they have to split up for good. It's messy and desperate and Steve can feel Billy vibrating with a nervous kind of energy, but it's still one of the best kisses Steve can ever remember. He smiles.

"I had a really nice time tonight." Because that's what you say at the end of a date.

--

Billy allows a smile and brushes their lips together again before pulling away and climbing clumsily into the front seat.

"Come on up, baby," he says, flicking the headlights on and the radio off as the movie's credits finally come to an end. "And bring those candies with you."

Steve does, half falling into Billy's lap as he scrambles between the seats, and Billy smirks down at him because he just *knows* that wasn't an accident. He helps him right himself, trailing his hand down Steve's arm appreciatively, and then starts the engine and pulls them out of the emptying lot.

The drive back to Hawkins is quieter than the ride away from it. Billy switches back to the Priest tape they were listening to before, but he keeps the volume low enough to hear each other speak if they want

to.

Halfway home they hit a stoplight and Billy glances down to see Steve's hand looking unbelievably inviting so without giving himself a chance to think about it he laces their fingers together and gives it a little squeeze. He doesn't meet Steve's gaze, the green light saving him from having to make eye-contact, but he feels Steve's responding squeeze and feels a little better for it.

Steve sucks on Junior Mints for the whole ride, savoring them, and Billy takes a couple too but finds they're not as good without the accompaniment of Steve's mouth. It seems like forever and no time at all before Billy's letting off the speed and pulling into Steve's rich neighborhood, slowing to a stop just outside the massive driveway.

--

It's not even late yet, Steve wants to whine when the car pulls to a stop. *This is ridiculous*. If they had gone to a party, his parents wouldn't even expect to be awake when he got home. If he was a girl, Billy would probably take him to the door and get a final kiss, at least. Now they're not even within shouting distance of the house, and Steve gets it, but it still sucks. He lets go of Billy's hand and turns to the rear seat to get his backpack. Slides the zipper closed. Doesn't know what else to say.

"So," he starts. Then the mess on the back seat reminds him. "Tomorrow, 10-ish? You want to meet at Jensen's directly, or somewhere along the way? There's the burger stand on Orwell Street. We could, um. Get fries while we wait?"

Fuck it, he didn't want to sound that desperate.

--

Billy smiles a little. Plays with the ring on his left hand restlessly 'cause he wants to lean in and kiss Steve's mint-flavored mouth one more time but it's just too dangerous.

"I'll meet you there, pretty boy," he says, consciously working to slip out of the habit he's somehow fallen into over the past couple hours

of referring to Steve as “baby.” Because that would be just about the most disappointing way to get caught at this, out of a long list of only disappointing ways. “And yeah, fries sound great.”

He doesn’t even eat that shit - fries, greasy, salty foods in general - not since Neil finally caught on that Billy wasn’t just being picky to be a nuisance, and that he actually had *intent* behind his change in diet. And he knows it’ll come out when they get to the stand and Steve expects him to order something, but it’s already out of his mouth and honestly Billy’s just glad he’ll get to see Steve again outside of school so soon. Inside Hawkins this time, so it’ll have to be strictly platonic - no friendly touches or too-long glances - but it’s still somehow better than nothing. And isn’t that strange.

--

“I guess I better get going, then,” Steve mumbles, looking down at his backpack. If he looks at Billy for just a little bit longer, he’ll cave and lean in and kiss him. And even if the chances that someone sees them at this time of the night are infinity to one or whatever, he *promised*. He fucking hates that he did, now.

“Oh, um. Maybe get the blankets out of the way before we hand over the car. My underwear’s in there somewhere.”

He smiles and makes the mistake of looking up at Billy then. Billy looks like a king behind the wheel of his car, always does, but there are traces of Steve all around him now. The hickey on his neck is blooming dark on his skin, the silver of the pendant from California is half-hidden beneath Billy’s shirt (why the fuck did he have to button that up *now*, after everything?), but Steve can still see the chain of it. Billy’s hair is mussed, and there’s not a bit of that asshole look he sometimes gets in his eyes. He just looks soft and open, and Steve wants to kiss him *so much*.

“See ya tomorrow,” Steve says and quickly starts to get out before his resolve wobbles even more.

--

Tomorrow, Billy thinks. Tomorrow they won’t be able to kiss. Or to

touch. Even smiling at Steve will be dangerous. They shouldn't even do this, 'cause Billy *knows* he'll slip up somewhere. But he wants it. He trusts that somehow it will work out. Even though all evidence is to the contrary.

Just as Steve goes to push his door open, Billy reaches a hand out to catch his other arm and stop him. Meets his eye and reaches up to turn off the lights inside the car. And then he's on him. For a long moment, probably longer than he should be, Billy is pressed as much against Steve as he can be from the driver's seat, kissing him like it's the last time ever. Because right now it feels like it is.

"*King Steve*," he mutters when he pulls his lips away, smirking a little at how that name feels on his tongue after all of this.

--

Steve can't help a grin, because, *honestly*. "The pleasure's all mine, dickhead," he says softly and plants a quick kiss onto Billy's lips, then one more, because that was so short it hardly counts. And one last kiss for good measure.

"Alright, alright, I'm going now," he promises, though he doesn't quite know who to, because Billy's not complaining. Steve hasn't left him any breath to complain with. "G'night."

When he finally stands outside, he slams the door shut and doesn't look back. If he did, he would just climb back in that Camaro for the rest of the night.

Author's Note:

> In case anyone is interested, there are mood-board things for each of the fics in this series up on Theo's tumblr here, great for reblogging and sharing with your friends ;)